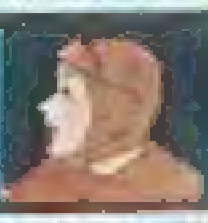
MAGAZINE SECTION

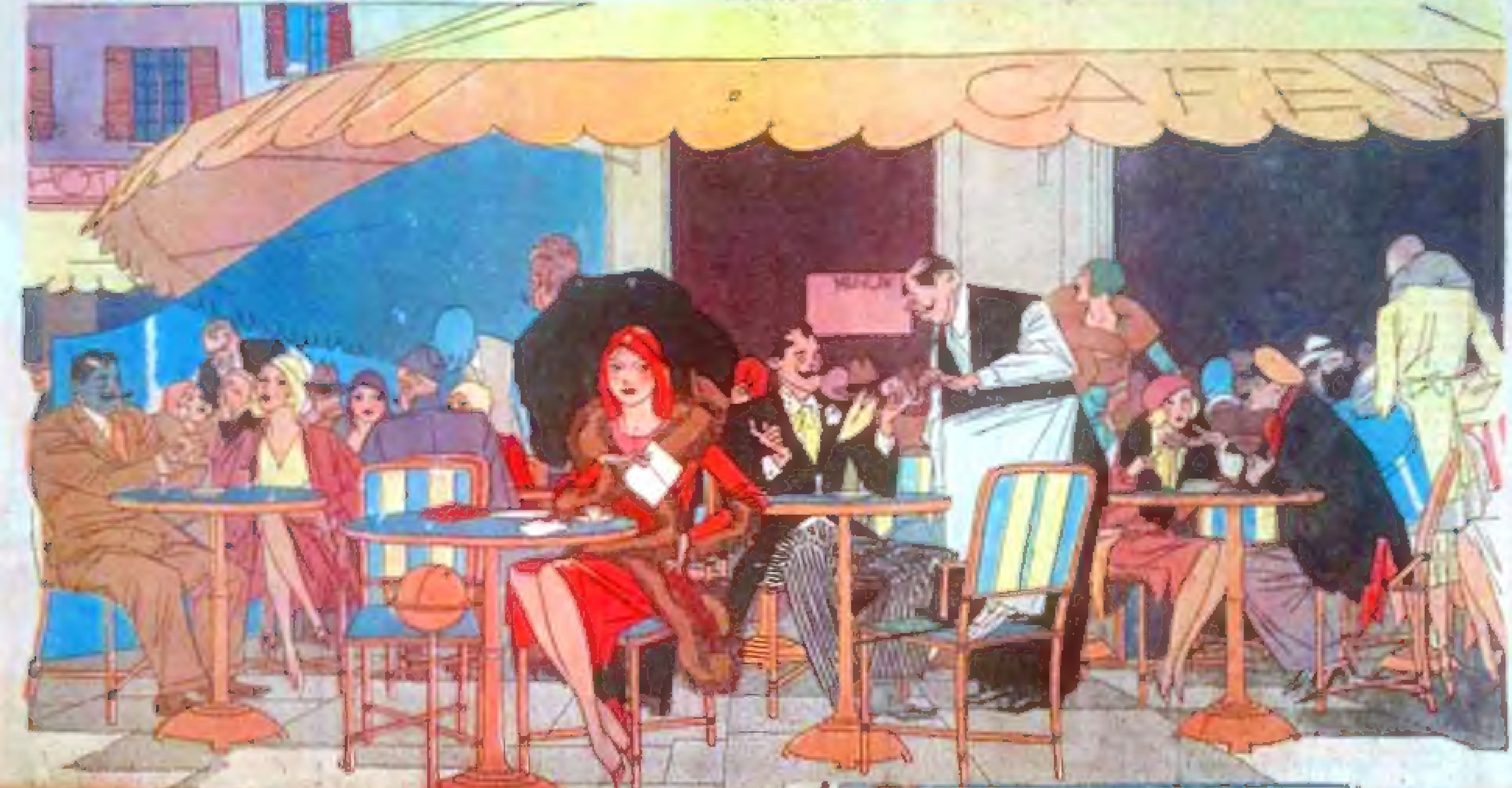
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

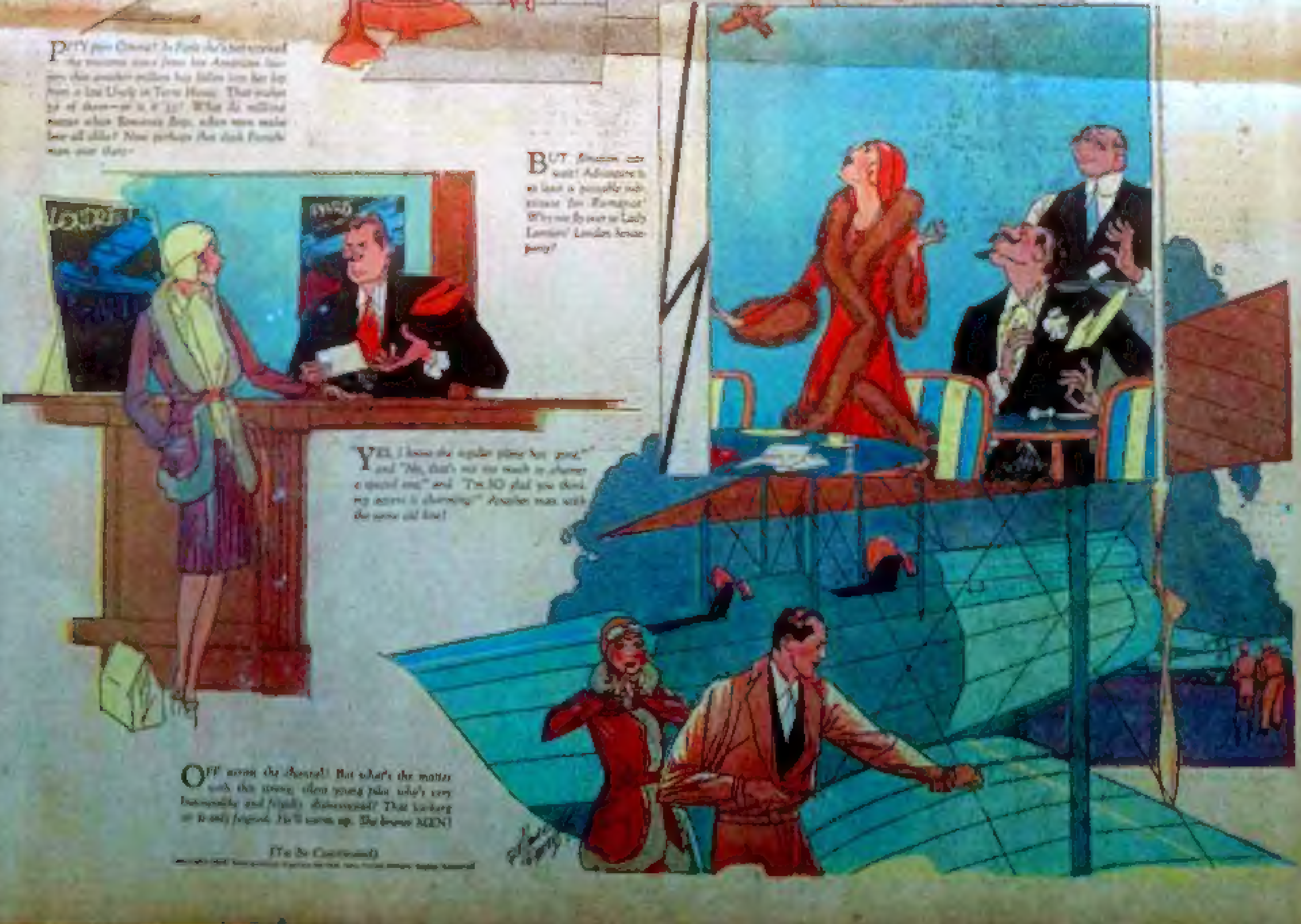
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1929

WINGS of LOVE



by Russell Patterson





PITY poor [illegible]! In Paris she's [illegible] the [illegible] news from her American lawyer, that another million has fallen into her lap from a late Uncle in Terre Haute. That makes 34 of them—or is it 35? What do millions matter when Romance flags, when men make love all alike? Now perhaps that dark French man over there—

BUT Romance can wait! Adventure is at least a possible substitute for Romance! Why not fly over to Lady Lennon's London house-party?

"YES, I know the regular plane has gone," and "No, that's not too much to charge a special one," and "I'm SO glad you think my accent is charming!" Another man with the same old line!

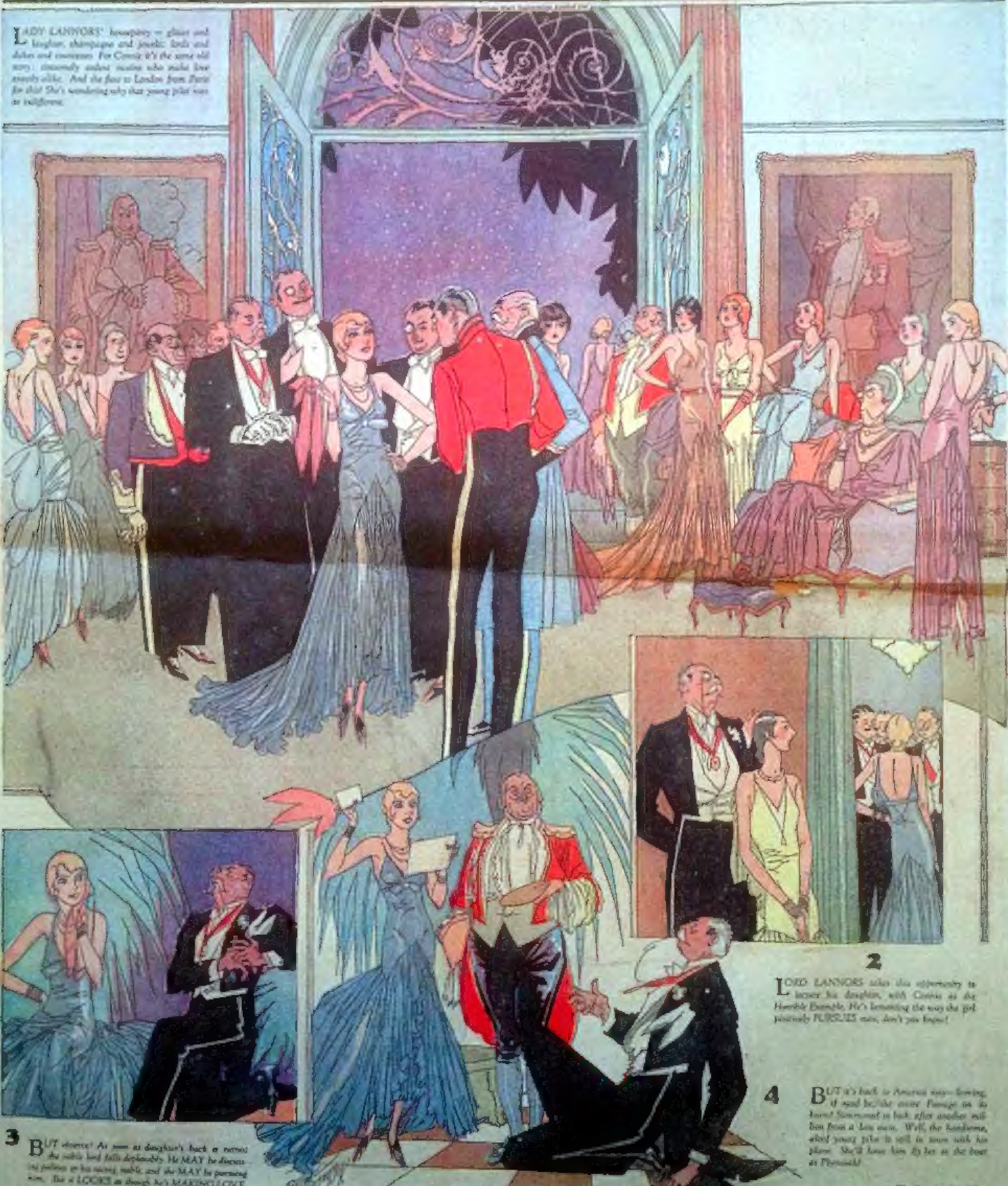
OFF across the channel! But what's the matter with this strong, silent young pilot who's very [illegible] and frigidly disinterested? That [illegible] is only feigned. He'll warm up. She knows MEN!

(To Be Continued)

MAGAZINE·SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1929

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson



LADY LANNORS' houseparty — glitter and laughter, champagne and jewels; lords and dukes and countesses. For Connie it's the same old story: sincerely ardent males who make love exactly alike. And she flew to London from Paris for this! She's wondering why that young pilot was so indifferent.

2

LORD LANNORS takes this opportunity to lecture his daughter, with Connie as the Horrible Example. He's lamenting the way the girl positively PURSUES men, don't you know!

3

BUT observe! As soon as daughter's back is turned the noble lord falls deplorably. He MAY be discussing politics or his racing stable, and she MAY be pursuing him. But it LOOKS as though he's MAKING LOVE

4

BUT it's back to America again—flying, if need be, the ocean. Passage on the [illegible] is [illegible] after another million from a [illegible] man. Well, the handsome, aloof young pilot is still in town with his plane. She'll have him fly her to the boat at Plymouth!

(To Be Continued)

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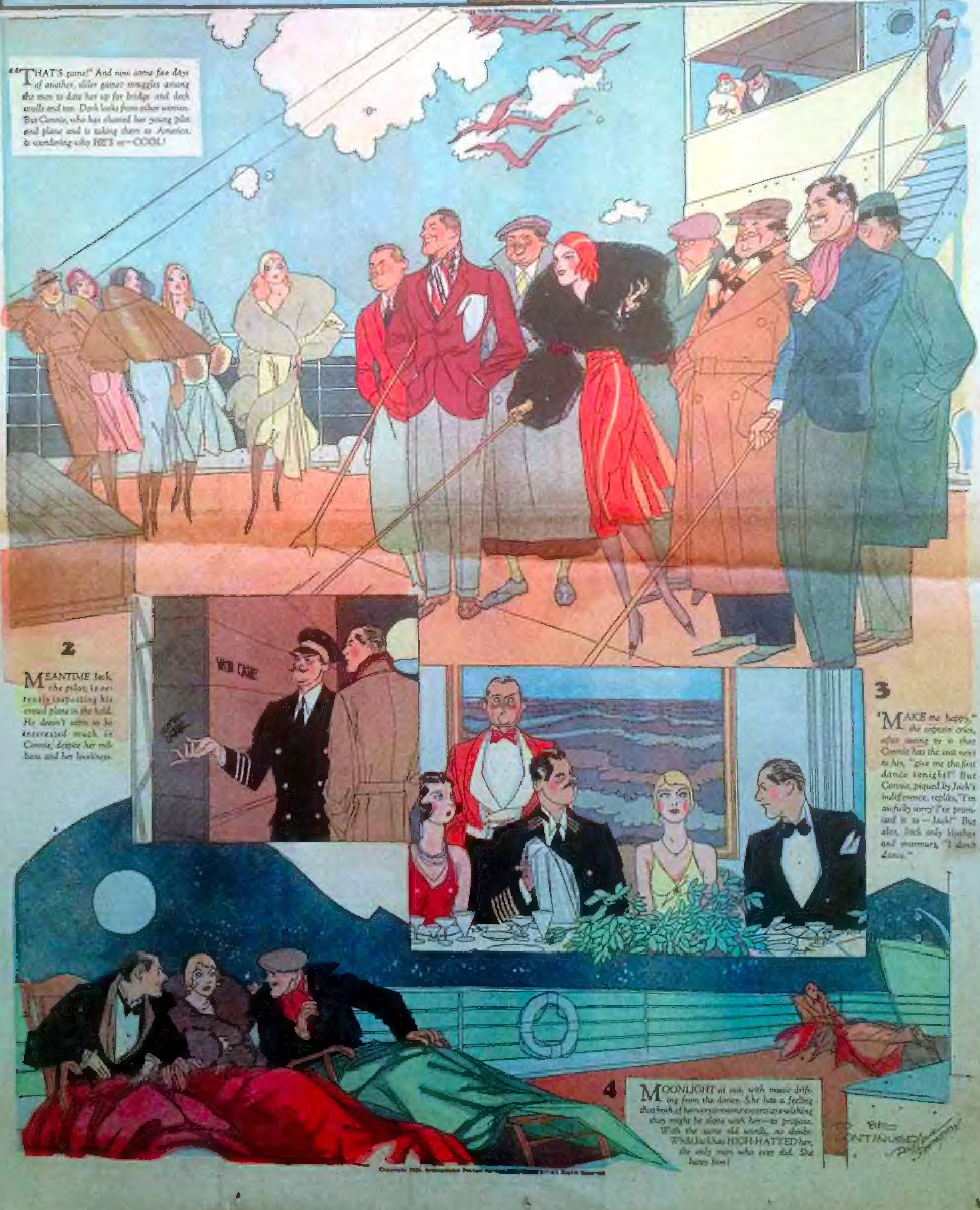
MAGAZINE · SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1929

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson



1

"THAT'S game!" And now come five days of another, older game: struggles among the men to date her up for bridge and deck strolls and tea. Dark looks from other women. But Connie, who has chartered her young pilot and plane and is taking them to America, is wondering why HE'S so—COOL!

2

MEANTIME Jack, the pilot, is nervously inspecting his crated plane in the hold. He doesn't seem to be interested much in Connie, despite her millions and her loveliness.

3

"MAKE me happy," the captain cries, after seeing to it that Connie has the seat next to his, "give me the first dance tonight!" But Connie, piqued by Jack's indifference, replies, "I'm awfully sorry! I've promised it to—Jack!" But alas, Jack only blushes and murmurs, "I don't dance."

4

MOONLIGHT at sea, with music drifting from the dance. She has a feeling that both of her very insistent escorts are wishing they might be alone with her—to propose. With the same old words, no doubt. While Jack has HIGH-HATTED her, the only man who ever did. She hates him!

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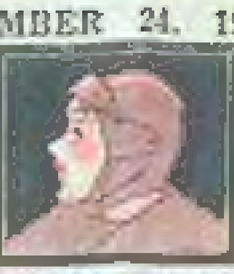
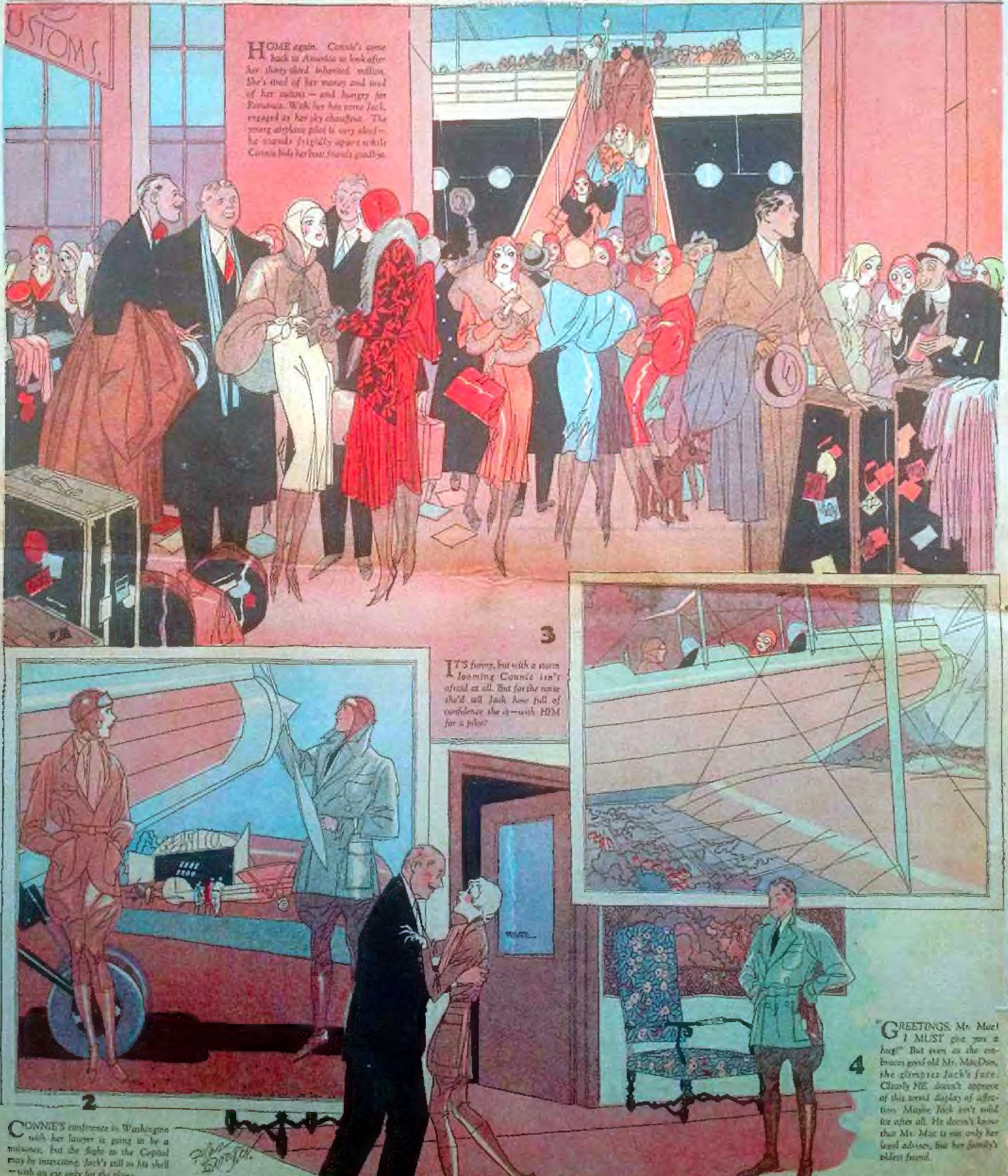
WINGS of LOVE



by Russell Patterson



HOME again. Connie's come back to America to look after her thirty-third inherited million. She's tired of her money and tired of her suitors — and hungry for Romance. With her has come Jack, engaged as her sky chauffeur. The young airplane pilot is very aloof— he stands frigidly apart while Connie bids her best friends goodbye.

CONNIE'S conference in Washington with her lawyer is going to be a nuisance, but the flight to the Capital may be interesting. Jack's still in his shell —with an eye only for the plane.

IT'S funny, but with a storm looming Connie isn't afraid at all. But for the noise she'd tell Jack how full of confidence she is—with HIM for a pilot!

"GREETINGS, Mr. Mac! I MUST give you a hug!" But even as she embraces good old Mr. MacDun, she glimpses Jack's face. Clearly HE doesn't approve of this torrid display of affection. Maybe Jack isn't solid ice after all. He doesn't know that Mr. Mac is not only her legal adviser, but her family's oldest friend.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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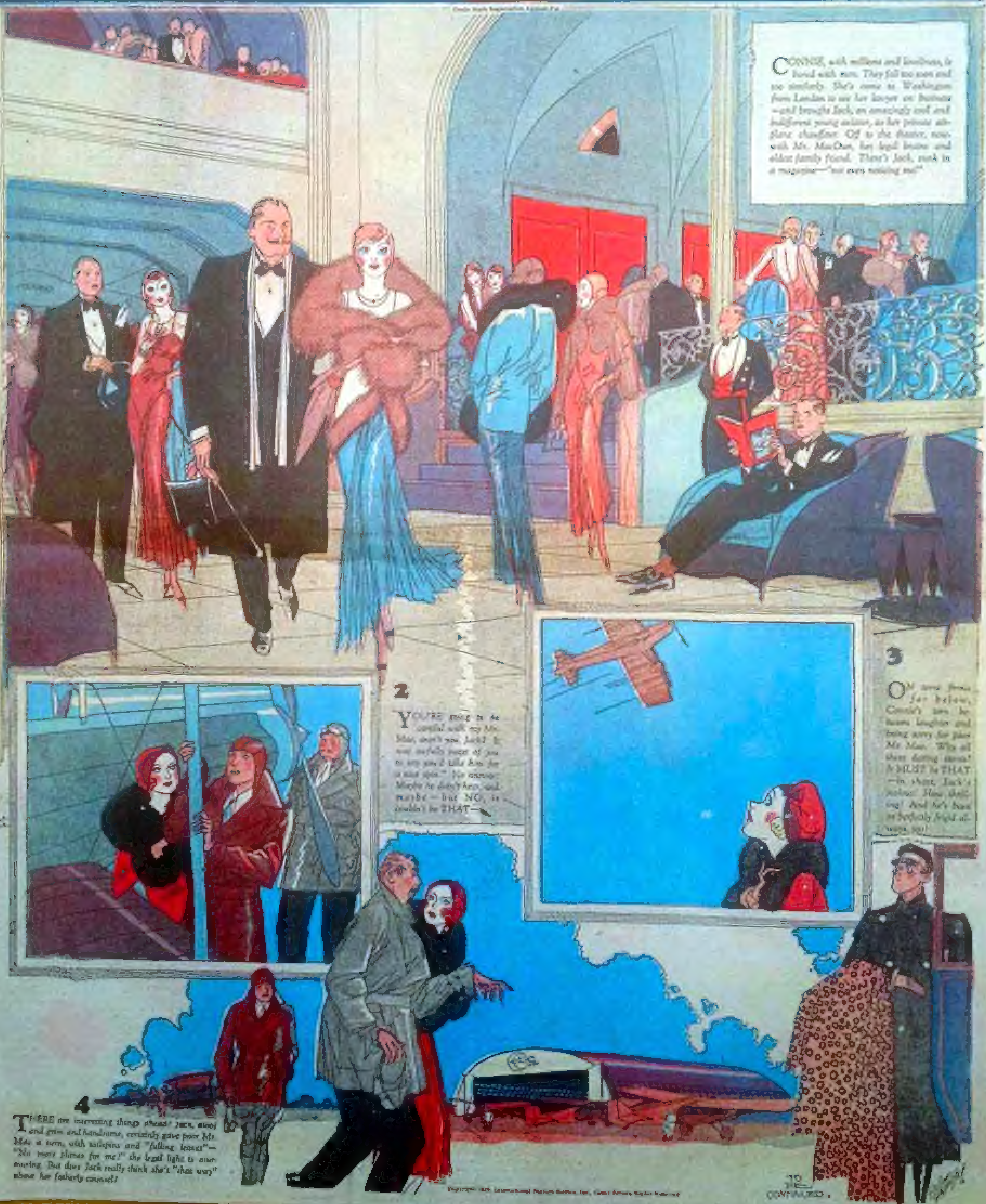
WINGS of LOVE by Russell Patterson



CONNIE, with millions and loveliness, is bored with men. They fall too soon and too similarly. She's come to Washington from London to see her lawyer on business—and brought Jack, an amazingly cool and indifferent young aviator, as her private airplane chauffeur. Off to the theater, now, with Mr. MacDun, her legal brains and oldest family friend. There's Jack, sunk in a magazine—"not even noticing me!"

2

YOU'RE going to be careful with my Mr. Mac, won't you, Jack? It was awfully sweet of you to say you'd take him for a nice spin." No answer. Maybe he didn't hear, and maybe—but NO, it couldn't be THAT—

3

ON terra firma far below, Connie's torn between laughter and being sorry for poor Mr. Mac. Why all these darting stunts? It MUST be THAT—in short, Jack's jealous! How thrilling! And he's been so perfectly frigid always, too!

4

THERE are interesting things ahead! Jack, aloof and grim and handsome, certainly gave poor Mr. Mac a turn, with tailspins and "falling leaves"—"No more planes for me!" the legal light is announcing. But does Jack really think she's "that way" about her fatherly counsel?

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THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1929

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson

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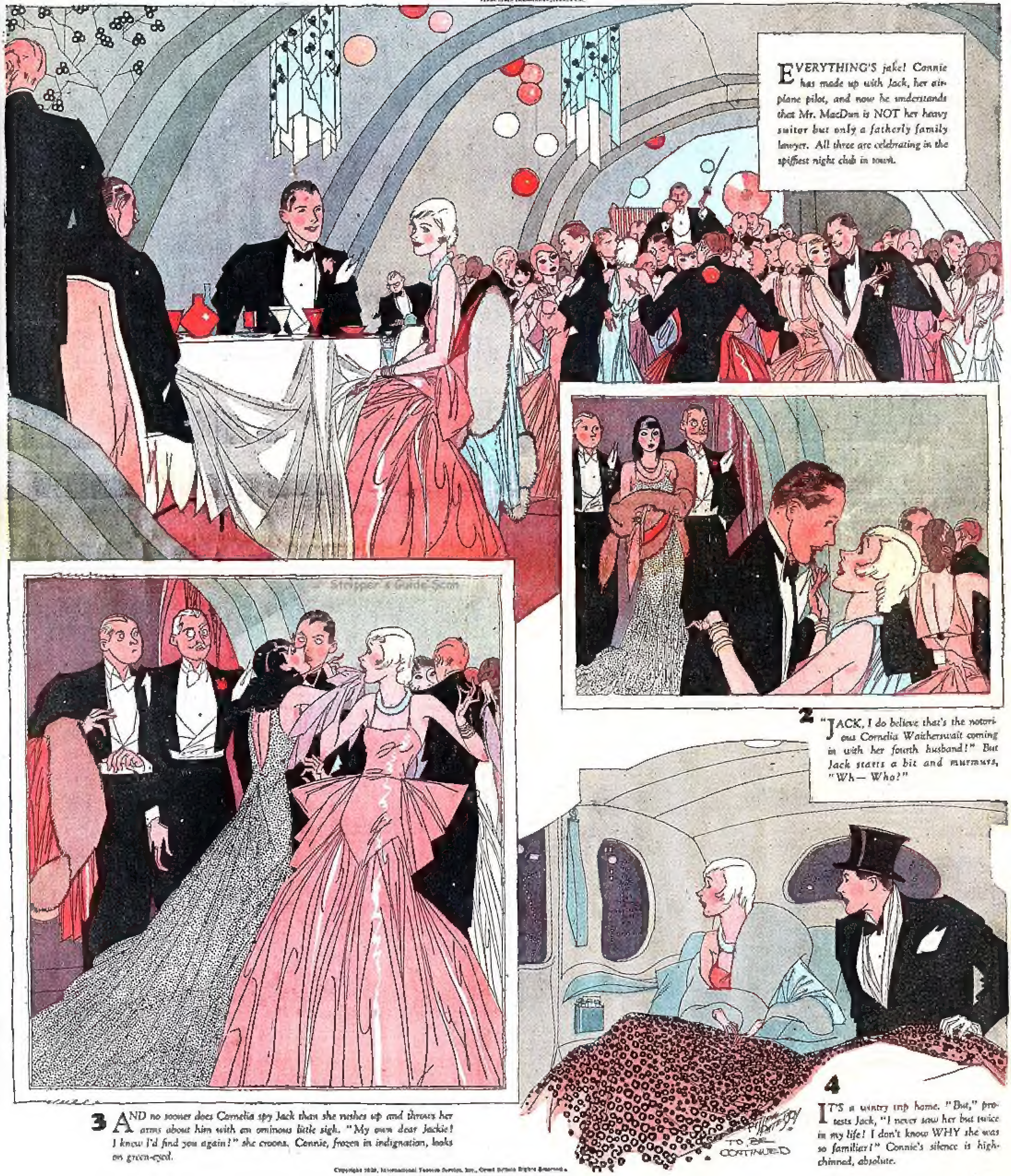

Stripper's Guide Scan

EVERYTHING'S *jake!* Connie *has made up with Jack, her airplane pilot, and now he understands that Mr. MacDun is* NOT *her heavy suitor but only a fatherly family lawyer. All three are celebrating in the spiffiest night club in town.*

2 "JACK, *I do believe that's the notorious Cornelia Waitherswait coming in with her fourth husband!" But Jack starts a bit and murmurs, "Wh— Who?"*

3 AND *no sooner does Cornelia spy Jack than she rushes up and throws her arms about him with an ominous little sigh. "My own dear Jackie! I knew I'd find you again!" she croons. Connie, frozen in indignation, looks on green-eyed.*

4 IT'S *a wintry trip home. "But," protests Jack, "I never saw her but twice in my life! I don't know* WHY *she was so familiar!" Connie's silence is high-chinned, absolute.*

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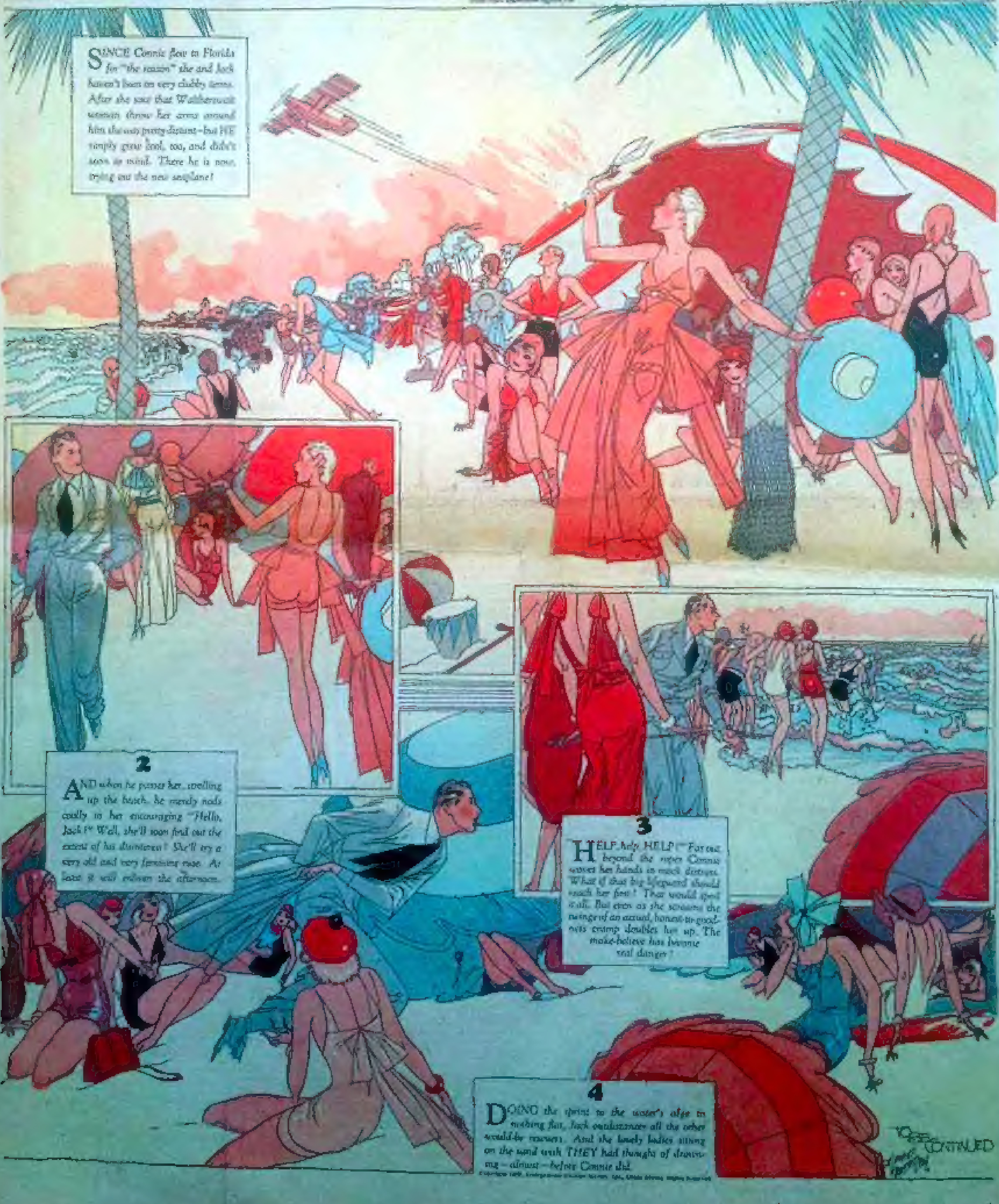
MAGAZINE · SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1929

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson



SINCE Connie flew to Florida for "the season" she and Jack haven't been on very chummy terms. After she saw that Weatherwax woman throw her arms around him she was pretty distant—but HE simply grew cool, too, and didn't seem to mind. There he is now, trying out the new seaplane!

2

AND when he passes her, strolling up the beach, he merely nods coolly to her encouraging "Hello, Jack!" Well, she'll soon find out the extent of his disinterest! She'll try a very old and very feminine ruse. At least it will enliven the afternoon.

3

"HELP, help, HELP!" Far out beyond the ropes Connie waves her hands in mock distress. What if that big lifeguard should reach her first? That would spoil it all. But even as she screams the twinge of an actual, honest-to-goodness cramp doubles her up. The make-believe has become real danger!

4

DOING the sprint to the water's edge in nothing flat, Jack outdistances all the other would-be rescuers. And the lovely ladies sitting on the sand wish THEY had thought of drowning—almost—before Connie did.

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MAGAZINE·SECTION

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1930

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson

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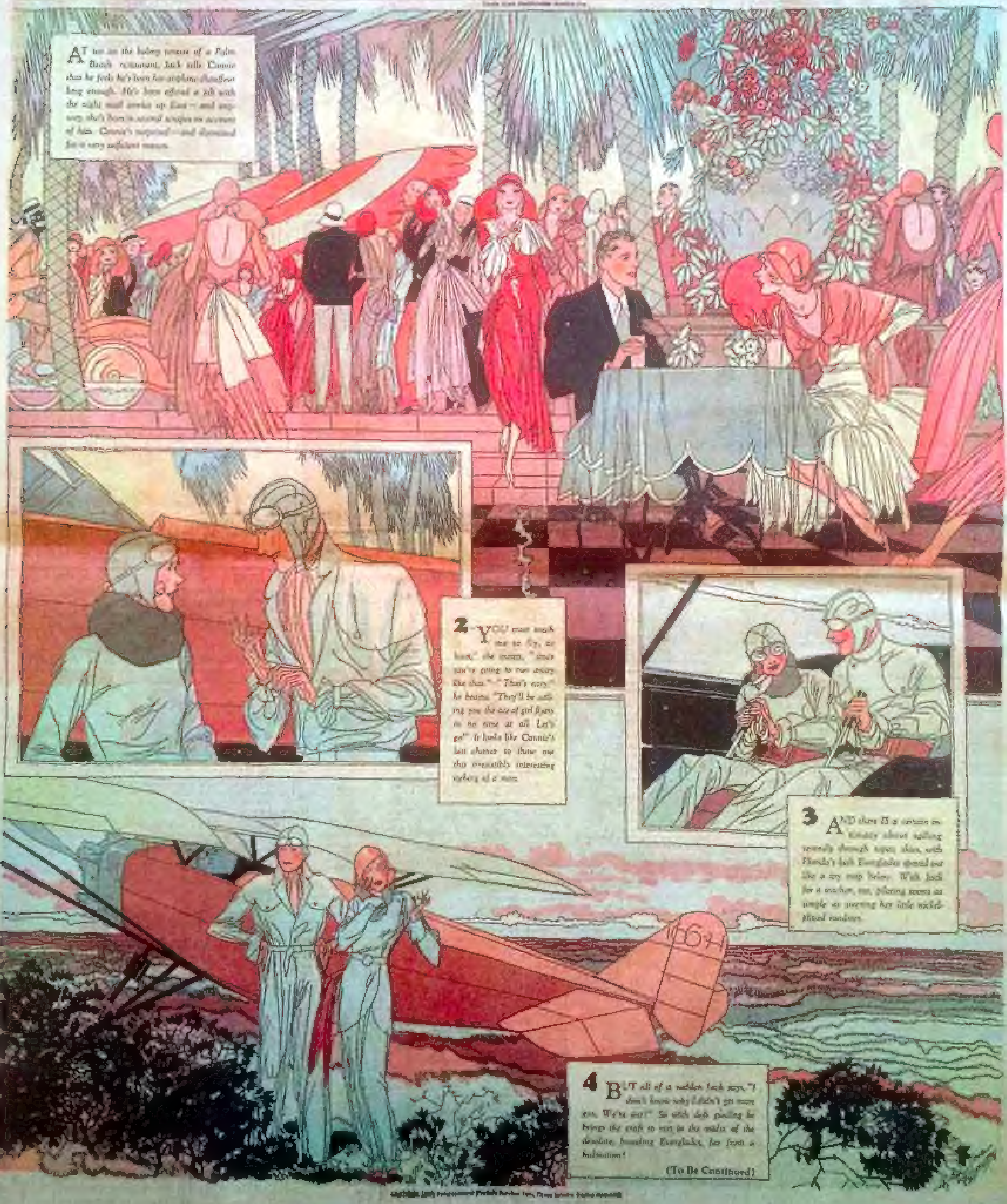

AT tea on the balcony terrace of a Palm Beach restaurant, Jack tells Connie that he feels he's been her airplane chauffeur long enough. He's been offered a job with the night mail service up East — and anyway she's been in several scrapes on account of him. Connie's surprised — and dismayed for a very sufficient reason.

2—"YOU must teach me to fly, at least," she insists, "since you're going to run away like that." "That's easy," he beams. "They'll be calling you the ace of girl flyers in no time at all. Let's go!" It looks like Connie's last chance to thaw out this irresistibly interesting iceberg of a man.

3 AND there IS a certain intimacy about sailing serenely through sunny skies, with Florida's lush Everglades spread out like a toy map below. With Jack for a teacher, too, piloting seems as simple as steering her little nickel-plated roadster.

4 BUT all of a sudden Jack says, "I don't know why I didn't get more gas. We're out!" So with deft gliding he brings the craft to rest in the midst of the desolate, brooding Everglades, far from a habitation!

(To Be Continued)

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MAGAZINE·SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
SUNDAY, JANUARY 12 1930

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson

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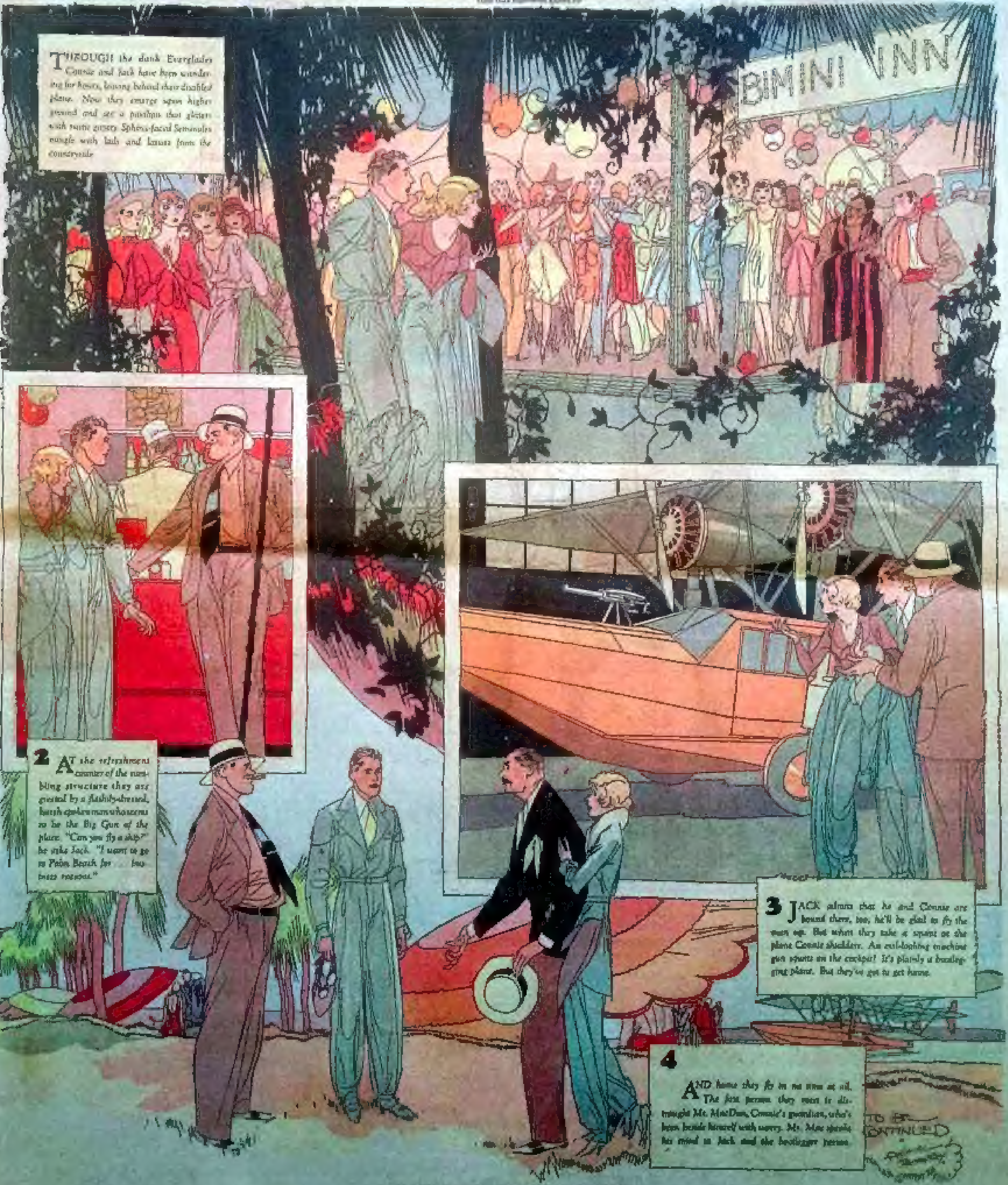

THROUGH the dank Everglades Connie and Jack have been wandering for hours, leaving behind their disabled plane. Now they emerge upon higher ground and see a pavilion that glitters with rustic gayety. Sphinx-faced Seminoles mingle with lads and lasses from the countryside.

2 AT the refreshment counter of the rambling structure they are greeted by a flashily-dressed, harsh-spoken man who seems to be the Big Gun of the place. "Can you fly a ship?" he asks Jack. "I want to go to Palm Beach for business reasons."

3 JACK admits that he and Connie are bound there, too; he'll be glad to fly the man up. But when they take a squint at the plane Connie shudders. An evil-looking machine gun squats on the cockpit! It's plainly a bootlegging plane. But they've got to get home.

4 AND home they fly in no time at all. The first person they meet is distraught Mr. MacDun, Connie's guardian, who's been beside himself with worry. Mr. Mac speaks his mind to Jack and the bootlegger person.

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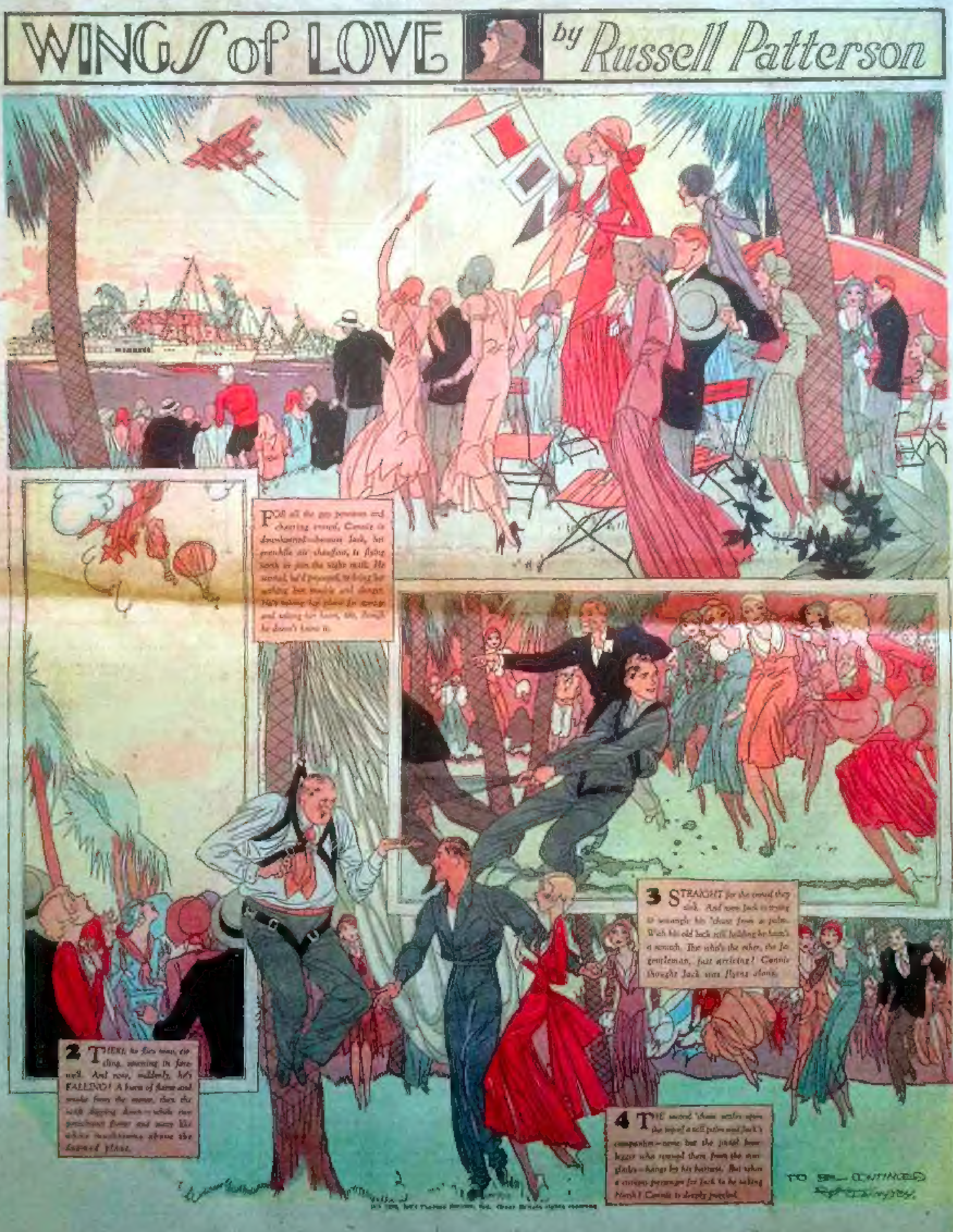
MAGAZINE SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1930

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson



FOR all the gay pennants and cheering crowd, Connie is downhearted—because Jack, her erstwhile air chauffeur, is flying north to join the night mail. He worried, he'd proposed, to bring her nothing but trouble and danger. He's taking his plane for [illegible] and taking her heart, too, though he doesn't know it.

2 THERE, he flies now, circling, zooming in farewell. And now, suddenly, he's FALLING! A burst of flame and smoke from the motor, then the ship dipping down—while two parachutes flutter and sway like white mushrooms above the doomed plane.

3 STRAIGHT for the crowd they sink. And now Jack is trying to untangle his 'chute from a palm. With his old luck still holding he hasn't a scratch. But who's the other, the fat gentleman, just arriving! Connie thought Jack was flying alone.

4 THE second 'chute settles upon the top of a tall palm and Jack's companion—none but the jovial bootlegger who rescued them from the everglades—hangs by his harness. But what a curious passenger for Jack to be taking North! Connie is deeply puzzled.

TO BE CONTINUED
Russell Patterson

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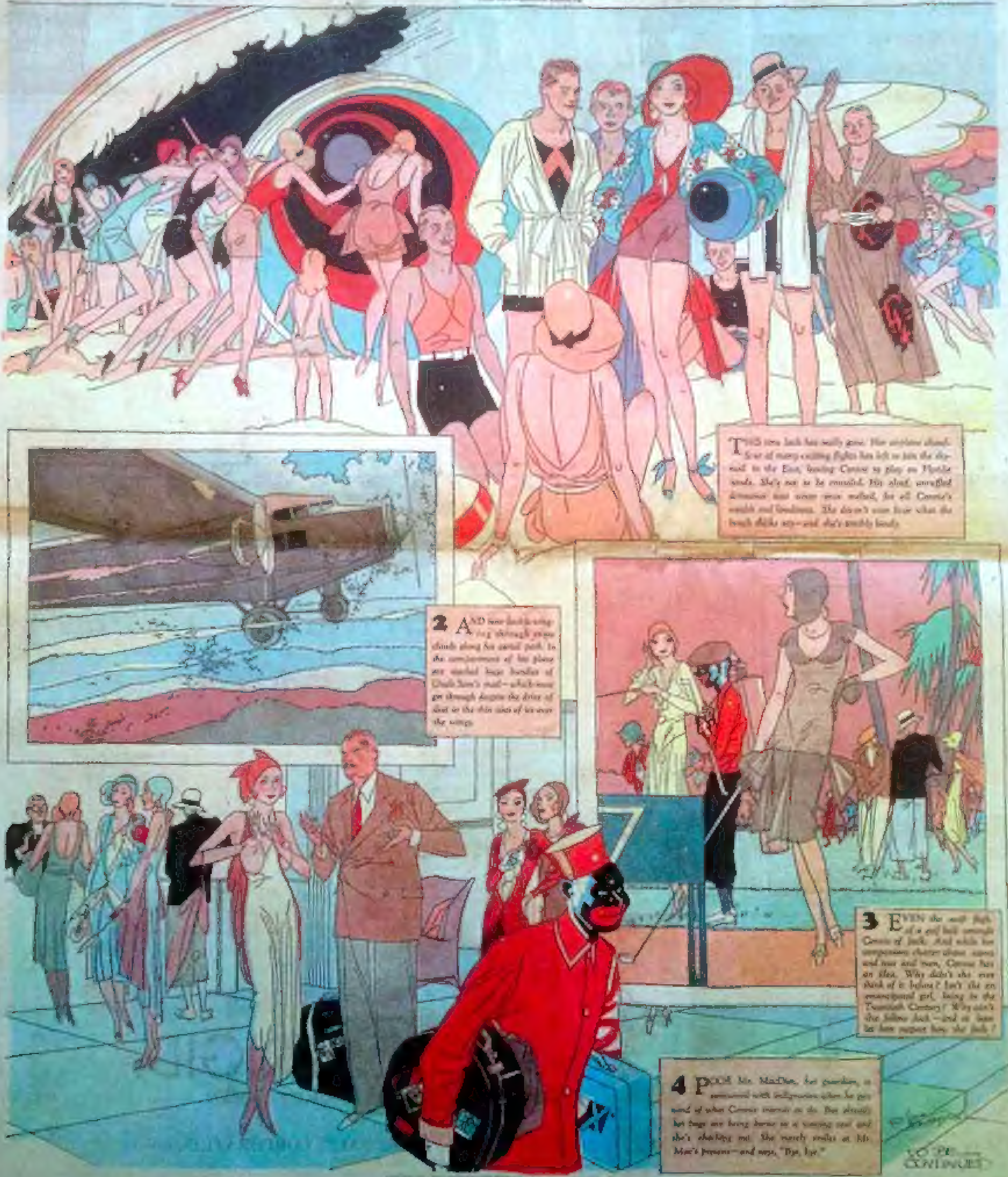
MAGAZINE · SECTION

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1930

WINGS of LOVE by Russell Patterson



THIS time Jack has really gone. His airplane, already first of many exciting flights, has left to join the Air-mail in the East, leaving Connie to play on Florida sands. She's not to be consoled. His aloof, unruffled demeanor had never once melted, for all Connie's wealth and loveliness. She doesn't even hear what the beach folks say—and she's terribly lonely.

2 AND now Jack is winging through gray clouds along his aerial path. In the compartments of his plane are stacked huge bundles of Uncle Sam's mail—which must go through despite the drive of sleet or the thin sheet of ice over the wings.

3 EVEN the swift flight of a golf ball reminds Connie of Jack. And while her companions chatter about scores and tees and irons, Connie has an idea. Why didn't she ever think of it before? Isn't she an emancipated girl, living in the Twentieth Century? Why can't she follow Jack—and at least let him suspect how she feels?

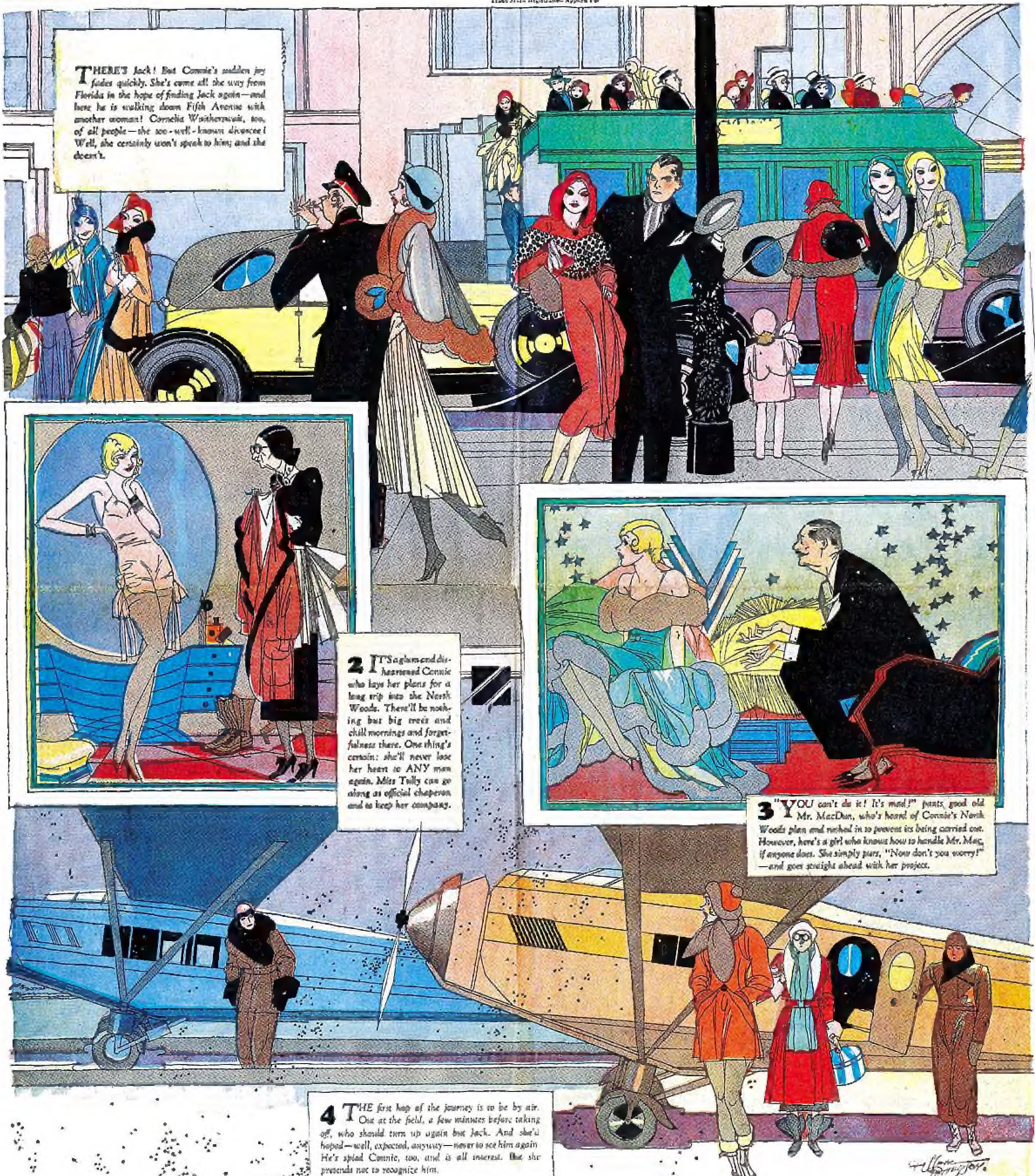
4 POOR Mr. MacDee, her guardian, is consumed with indignation when he gets word of what Connie intends to do. But already her bags are being borne to a waiting taxi and she's checking out. She merely smiles at Mr. Mac's protests—and says, "Bye, bye."

TO BE CONTINUED

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson

Trade Mark Registration Applied For



THERE'S Jack! But Connie's sudden joy fades quickly. She's come all the way from Florida in the hope of finding Jack again—and here he is walking down Fifth Avenue with another woman! Cornelia Waitherwait, too, of all people—the too-well-known divorcee! Well, she certainly won't speak to him; and she doesn't.

2 IT'S a glum and disheartened Connie who lays her plans for a long trip into the North Woods. There'll be nothing but big trees and chill mornings and forgetfulness there. One thing's certain: she'll never lose her heart to ANY man again. Miss Tully can go along as official chaperon and to keep her company.

3 "YOU can't do it! It's mad!" pants good old Mr. MacDun, who's heard of Connie's North Woods plan and rushed in to prevent its being carried out. However, here's a girl who knows how to handle Mr. Mac, if anyone does. She simply purrs, "Now don't you worry!"—and goes straight ahead with her project.

4 THE first hop of the journey is to be by air. Out at the field, a few minutes before taking off, who should turn up again but Jack. And she'd hoped—well, expected, anyway—never to see him again. He's spied Connie, too, and is all interest. But she pretends not to recognize him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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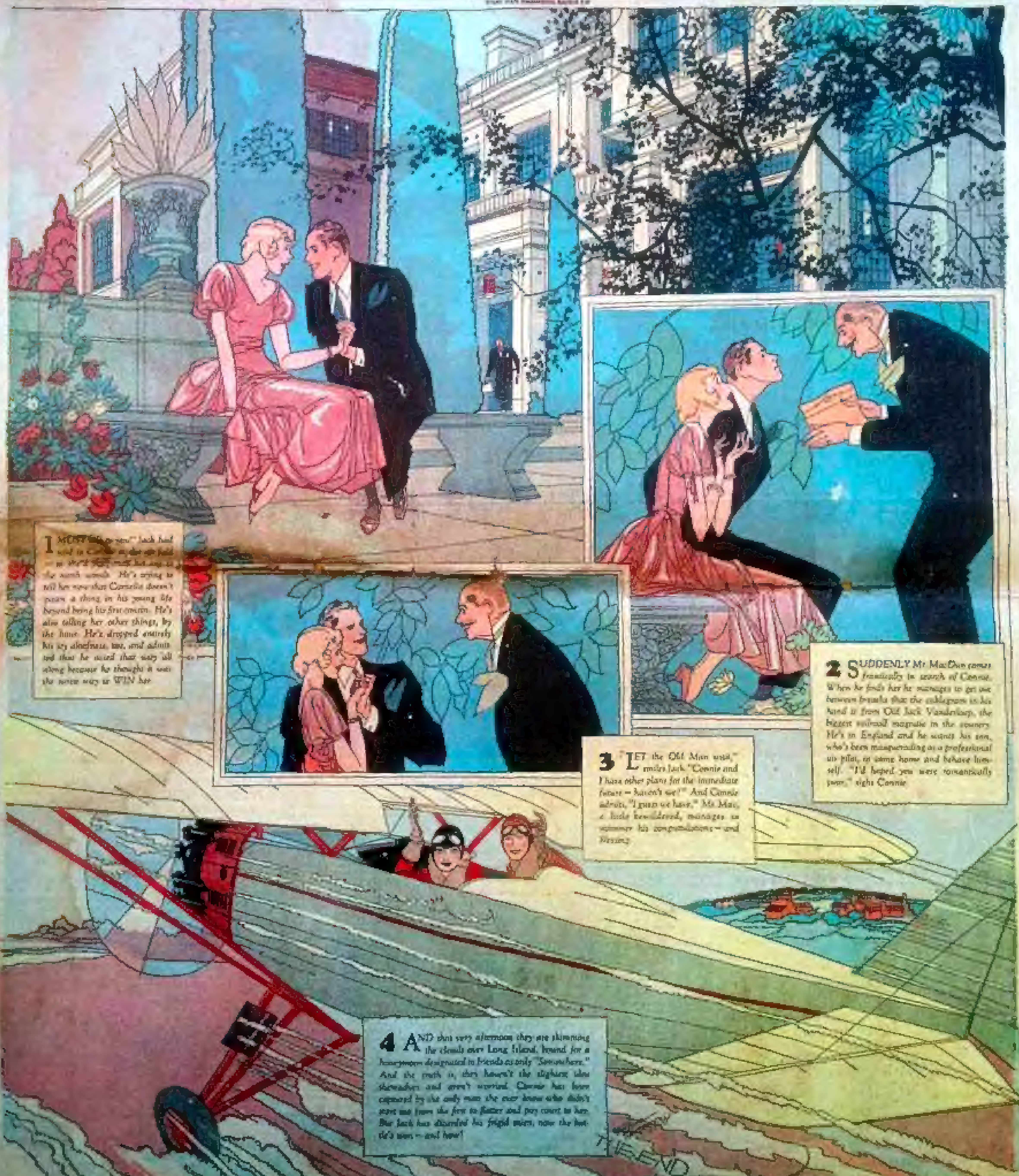
MAGAZINE·SECTION
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1930

WINGS of LOVE

by Russell Patterson



1 I MUST [illegible] you," Jack had said to C[illegible] [illegible] — so she's [illegible] the north woods. He's trying to tell her now that Connie doesn't mean a thing in his young life beyond being his first cousin. He's also telling her other things, by the hour. He's dropped entirely his icy aloofness, too, and admitted that he acted that way all along because he thought it was the surest way to WIN her.

2 SUDDENLY Mr MacDun comes frantically in search of Connie. When he finds her he manages to get out between breaths that the cablegram in his hand is from Old Jack Vanderloop, the biggest railroad magnate in the country. He's in England and he wants his son, who's been masquerading as a professional air pilot, to come home and behave himself. "I'd hoped you were romantically poor," sighs Connie.

3 "LET the Old Man wait," smiles Jack. "Connie and I have other plans for the immediate future — haven't we?" And Connie admits, "I guess we have." Mr Mac, a little bewildered, manages to stammer his congratulations — and blessing.

4 AND this very afternoon they are skimming the clouds over Long Island, bound for a honeymoon designated to friends as only "Somewhere." And the truth is, they haven't the slightest idea themselves and aren't worried. Connie has been captured by the only man she ever knew who didn't start out from the first to flatter and pay court to her. But Jack has discarded his frigid mien, now the battle's won — and how!

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